



FRANK D. FLINT

They're all here now

WE'VE shown you a few of the new fall Wooltex styles, enough to tell you what are the most prominent features of the new modes.

This week we invite you to attend a style exposition of still greater interest. This is our

complete fall showing of Wooltex tailored suits and coats



Graceful curves of a good figure are shown to the best advantage in this suit. Stout figures appear more slender. And, without it, it is so refined and graceful. Note how it conforms to the correct style tendencies.



Fur used to the best advantage, makes this a beautiful model and a very fashionable one. There is remarkable grace and charm in its graceful lines. The belt is easy across the front.



A model that shows the style tendency in coats. The high collar with flare, the long fitting line to the waist, the short belt effects and flaring skirt are all marks of good style.

Always, the Wooltex designers have kept carefully in mind the correct style tendencies, such as natural, graceful figure lines, belted or partial belted effects, and the smart flaring bottom lines of jackets and coats.

But with faithful adherence to style, they have varied the designs to provide garments that are becoming to each type of figure.

Wooltex garments for all types of figures

Are you stout? There are Wooltex models to give you a more slender appearance.

Are you slender? There are Wooltex models to add beauty to your graceful, supple figure.

Have you an unusually good figure? There are Wooltex models that are, as the French say, "caressing" in their charming suitability and gracefulness.

Whatever your figure, whatever your tastes, whatever your purse—there's a Wooltex tailored garment that will just suit you

There's style and added value in Wooltex

In Wooltex tailored garments, you not only get correct style, but you get added value in superior materials, custom-quality tailoring, and a longer period of pleasurable service.

We'd like to show you just how Wooltex garments are made. You'll know, then, why they keep their fresh, new appearance so much longer than ordinary garments.

This week is a most favorable time to see the new Wooltex fall suits and coats, and to make your selection

Suits at \$25 to \$65
Coats at \$16.50 to \$45
Skirts at \$5 to \$15

FRANK D. FLINT NEWPORT, VT

The Store That Sells Wooltex



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The Wooltex Tailor

Paintings That Last.

One of the great problems that presents itself to the modern painter is to keep his canvases from cracking when it ages. Many of the most prized of the old masterpieces have been marred because their creators did not understand the art of insuring them against time and weathering. A careful investigation of those that have come down intact shows that in some cases the sheet of paint is remarkably thin, so thin, indeed, that the texture of the canvas can be clearly seen through the face of the picture. Further experimenting shows that the life of a picture is inversely proportional to the thickness of its color layers. Canvas contracts with moisture and cold, and paint generally is affected in the same way. If the paint layer is too thick it gives way, and the cracking is the result. All of the old paintings that have come to us uncracked are painted very thin. This was the method of such early masters as Van Dyck, Raphael and his pupils.—Atlanta Constitution.

Mouths on the Bias.

"Of course it's nice to have a beautiful voice, but I'm glad I don't sing," said a pretty woman as she applauded the soprano solo at a Broadway restaurant. "Yes, I'm fond of music, but that is sufficient. If I could be tempted to sing, what would happen to my good looks? I think it is not silly for a woman to wish to look well all the time. A woman never looks pretty or beautiful when she sings. She invariably twists her mouth to one side and makes her face appear crooked. I have keenly observed the ten singers I have heard, and every one of them opened her mouth on a bias. I haven't the slightest idea why they do it unless the muscles of one side of the face are stronger than the other. There is something disturbing about a pretty woman deliberately making herself a fright by stretching her mouth in song."—New York Letter in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Locust Eaters.

While the locust is essentially a plant devourer and famine breeder, says the Christian Herald, there are many well authenticated cases in history showing that populations reduced to the last extremity have utilized the destructive insect as food. Diodorus Siculus relates that an Ethiopian tribe was known as Acridophagi ("eaters of locusts"), while Aristotle writes of a certain part of Greece where the people regarded them as delicacies. Layard, the explorer, found on the engraved monuments pictures of dried and preserved locusts on rods, presumably indicating their use as food. It is not believed that any have today eaten them. They are regarded everywhere in the east as an abhorrent calamity, and the presence of vast swarms in Palestine is held to be a forerunner of complete crop failure, both of fruits and cereals.

The First Telegraph Line.

After the formal opening of the first telegraph line built for commercial purposes between Washington and Baltimore Professor Morse and his associates offered to sell the invention to the United States government for \$100,000, but the price was considered too high. The government had appropriated \$30,000 toward the construction of the Washington-Baltimore line, but after a short period of operation the postmaster general, to whom President Polk had referred the matter, wrote, "Although the invention is an agent vastly superior to any other devised by the genius of man, yet the operation between Washington and Baltimore has not satisfied me that under any rate of postage that can be adopted its revenues can be made to cover its expenditures."

The Sound of Shrapnel.

Have you ever heard shrapnel by any chance? No? Well, it sounds as much as anything else like a winter gale howling through the branches of a pine tree. It is a moan, a groan, a shriek and a wail rolled into one, and when the explosion comes it sounds as though some one had touched off a stick of dynamite under a grand piano, and it is not particularly cheering to know that the ones you hear do not harm you and that it is the ones you do not have time to hear that send you to the cemetery.—E. Alexander Powell in Scribner's.

The Lacebark Tree.

The lacebark tree grows in the West Indies. It is a lofty tree, with oval, smooth leaves and white flowers. It is remarkable for the tenacity of its inner bark and the readiness with which the inner bark may be separated—after macerating in water—into layers resembling lace. A governor of Jamaica is said to have presented to Charles II. a cravat, frill and ruffles made of it.

A Dog and a King.

William the Silent was once saved by a spaniel, which scratched his face and awakened him just in time to flee Spanish soldiers who intended murder. A sculptured effigy of the dog lies at the foot of William's statue at Delft, Holland.

Something on Him.

"You haven't got anything on my husband," said the woman in the drug store. "Oh, yes I have," replied the druggist; "he's wearing a porous plaster he hasn't paid me for yet."—Yonkers Statesman.

Looking Well.

Bigson—How well you're looking this morning, Jigson! Jigson—Yes; I never looked better in my life. I'm looking for a man who owes me \$10.

True Love.

"Are you fond of Kipling, Mrs. McBride?" "The idea! I am fond of no one except my own Charlie."—Exchange.

Remember Only Today.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too deep with its hopes and aspirations to waste a moment upon the yesterday.—Emerson.

THE PIONEERS

By MARJORIE CLOUGH

Singular it is that a little more than a century ago what we call the middle west, now teeming with millions of civilized beings engaged in commerce and manufacture, was a wilderness under process of conquest from the savage. Reading of the terrible dangers, the many butcheries of the settlers of that period, we are wonder-struck not only that men should go to such a region to live, but that they should take their wives and children with them.

In April, 1794, six families left Louisville, Ky., to make a new home farther down the Ohio on Green river. The method of travel was by the flatboat or the period. They used two of these boats, one for themselves, the other for the cattle. One night about 10 o'clock, when they were floating in the middle of the river, the bloodcurdling Indian yell was heard several miles below, coming from the northern shore. Having floated a little farther down, they saw fires on the bank from which the yells proceeded.

A boat had passed the emigrants during the day, and they concluded that the Indians had captured it and were massacring its crew. The flatboat was designed to drift with the current, and there was no propelling power capable of forcing it upstream. The emigrants were therefore compelled to float on down and run the gauntlet of the savages. A man named Rowan was in command of the boats, which were lashed together, and under his direction preparations were made for defense. The men of the party were seven, including himself.

The Indians being on what is now the Indian shore, the boats were guided nearer the Kentucky shore, but the emigrants dared not approach too near, fearing there might be savages there too. The fires were extended along the shore, and the boats must pass them all to secure safety. Rowan directed that not a sound should be made, either of voice or oar, hoping that they might drift by unperceived.

They had reached a point midway on the line of fires when the Indians discovered them and ordered them to come to the shore. The whites continued their course and their silence. With a yell the savages rushed to their canoes and left the shore to intercept them. The latter floated on in silence, not even moving an oar to assist in their escape.

When the red men had approached to within a hundred yards of the floating boats the wife of the commander of the whites rose from her seat, collected the axes and placed one beside each man, who silently awaited till the Indians should come near enough to warrant giving them a volley. Mrs. Rowan, desiring to make sure that each man knew that an ax had been left beside him and not being permitted to speak, touched him as she deposited his weapon. The furnishing of these axes was designed to enable the men to repel the Indians in case they should attempt to board the boats.

With so many children present it was difficult to preserve silence, and each mother's duty was to see that none of her brood gave vent to terror. It has been recorded that no one except such as have heard the Indian yell can form any idea of the fear with which it inspires one. It is therefore to be wondered that the children, who heard the bloodcurdling sounds, could be kept quiet.

A being used to inspire fear by noise would naturally be awed by silence. Whether it was this silence on the flatboats or the red men believed that their intended victims were waiting for their nearer approach to pour a volley into them after coming a certain distance, they ventured no nearer, keeping up their fiendish yells, brandishing their weapons and otherwise attempting to paralyze their intended victims by fear. Mrs. Rowan, who had reserved a hatchet for her own use in case the boat was boarded, remained seated like a statue, while every other mother watched her children to see that none of them broke the silence.

One can fancy the feelings of these emigrants, awed not only by the death that threatened them, but the scene about them. There were the dark waters, the still darker banks, the great dome above, while the whole was illuminated by the bright fires on the shore. But what was most terrifying were the hideous yells of the savages, who at ways and means to paralyze their victims by the use of the Indian yell. The Ohio river, by the French La Belle Riviere, was a deep, but this was the river of death.

For many days the Indians followed the boats, their lives by the impressive silence, close off. More than a hundred Indians were seen by the emigrants, and they were armed with bows and arrows. This was a very dangerous position, for the Indians were armed with bows and arrows. The case was not that of a brother and a sister separated by an ordinary cause. The brother had known the agony of his mother at the loss of her child, while the sister had suffered untold horrors, all the while knowing that there were those who would protect and cherish her if they could but find her.

The most interesting feature of the story is that after more than four decades of separation the brother should have recognized his sister not by her own voice, but by its similarity to her mother's. Surely we live again in our children.

Why, Indeed!

Mrs. Meeker—Wake up, John! I hear a noise downstairs. I'm sure there are burglars in the house. Meeker—Nonsense, my dear! Why should burglars want to make a noise?—Exchange.

MALICE.

Just as a little grit in your eye will prevent you from seeing the sky, so will a little malice in your heart darken all your outlook on life.

A STORY OF FACT

By RUTH GRAHAM

"Don't leave the porch, children. Mamma won't be gone long." These words were spoken by a mother to her two children—a boy and a girl aged respectively seven and four years—and the story which follows is true.

The adage "Truth is stranger than fiction" arises from the fact that in the latter the author must introduce a certain plausibility or he will be accused of a lack of the inventive faculty. Such incidents as this one are seldom taken for motifs for stories because they are too improbable.

The mother had not been gone long before a man came along, threw a sack over the girl's head and ran away with her. When the mother returned she found her daughter gone and her boy crying.

The neighborhood was searched high and low, the police were notified, and a posse was organized to hunt for the missing child. Weeks, months, years passed, but the little girl remained unheard of by her parents. Her mother never saw her again.

Evelyn—such was the child's name—was carried to unknown parts by the man who kidnapped her, but why he had taken her must remain a mystery, for she was too young to understand his object. After a time he gave her to a family who treated her well, but she was finally taken to a wild region in Kansas and sold to persons there. They kept a tavern beside a road along which travelers passed at intervals, though in such a country guests were few and far between.

One night a traveler stopped at the house, ate his supper and was shown to his room. That night Evelyn was awakened by shrieks which grew fainter and fainter, as if coming from some one who was being overpowered.

The terror-stricken child lay awake the rest of the night. In the morning she was told that the travelers had gone on. After that for awhile the family purse seemed to have been replenished. Evelyn by this time was old enough to know what was going on about her and gradually came to realize that she was living in a den of robbers and murderers. It was not always necessary to kill their victims, but when it was they did not hesitate to do so.

One day the child was standing at the door crying. Three woodchoppers came along and asked her what was her trouble. She gave them her confidence, telling them how she had been taken from her home and had finally fallen into hands of those whose deeds made her shudder. They took her away with them, and on the information she had given a posse was organized, and the lair of the murderers was raided. Some of them escaped, but others were captured, tried and convicted.

This sounds for all the world like a fairy story of a little girl who was held by an ogre and just before she was about to be eaten up was rescued by a woodchopper.

After this Evelyn was claimed by a woman who said she was her mother. Evelyn denied this, but, since she had no home, went to live with the woman. But she remained here only a year, at the end of which time the woman drove her out to shift for herself.

The poor child was now twelve years old and devoted herself to making her own living. But all the while she never gave up hope that she would find her parents and her brother. The brother meanwhile was growing to be a man. He remembered his lost sister and would have made efforts to find her if he could have got any clue. Unless a child is kidnapped for ransom and the parents are called upon to pay it there is little hope of its restoration. No child of four years of age is capable of acting in its own behalf.

Evelyn, when she came to a marriageable age, was courted and became a wife. This was the end of her troubles, for she lived happily with her husband.

Forty years passed. Evelyn was now a woman over forty-four. The brother from whom she was snatched was nearly fifty. One day he took up a newspaper and there, in a brief item, read his sister's story. Recognizing it as such, he at once wrote her.

Evelyn immediately made preparations to go to the brother from whom she had been separated so many years. The parents had been long dead, and this made her only the more eager to join him.

One day a cab was driven up to the house to which Evelyn had journeyed. Her brother was expecting her, but was inside the house when she arrived. Before she entered he heard her speak to the cabman.

"Mother's voice," he said. "It must be Evelyn."

Who can depict the feelings of this brother and sister, who when torn apart were little children, now united on their approach to old age? Their case was not that of a brother and a sister separated by an ordinary cause. The brother had known the agony of his mother at the loss of her child, while the sister had suffered untold horrors, all the while knowing that there were those who would protect and cherish her if they could but find her.

The most interesting feature of the story is that after more than four decades of separation the brother should have recognized his sister not by her own voice, but by its similarity to her mother's. Surely we live again in our children.

Corrected.

"If I were as lazy as you I'd hang myself in the cellar," said the gentleman.

"If you were as lazy as me you wouldn't have no cellar," replied the tramp.—Dallas News.

Cause of the Delay.

Conductor—I've just married. I intended to marry several weeks ago, but \$100 stood in my way.

Friend—How did you get around it? Conductor—I didn't try to. I knocked it down.—Judge.

25 Years of Grand Results

As Little as
Buffalo, N. Y.
Mar. 1, 1911.
Gentlemen: I have
used your Spavin Cure
for twenty-five years
with excellent results.
Yours truly,
J. M. Nolan.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

Keeps legs sound and trim. It will add many dollars to the value of your horse. The old reliable remedy for Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, Curb, Swollen Joints and Lameness. Usually reliable as household remedy. At drug stores, \$1 a bottle. Get free book, "A Treatise on the Horse," or write to—
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, N. Y.

Moaning for Wet Dogs.

Dog funerals are no longer an uncommon thing in New York. Every day the local office of the dog cemetery in Twenty-fifth street has a few visitors who shed copious tears as they make arrangements for their dogs' interment. And some of the numerous mourners are willing to pay large sums to give their favorite pet a comfortable resting place, even to the extent of buying tombstones for them. A ramble through this dog cemetery, which is at Hartsdale, will disclose many remarkable instances of the devotion of owners to the memories of the animals they loved. Most of the graves have monuments erected over them with inscriptions telling of the good qualities of the pets which have gone to the "happy hunting grounds." Some of these monuments are very pretentious affairs and cost as much as \$1,000. The cemetery is well kept and flowers bloom on practically all of the plots.

NO SHELTER FOR MURDERERS

Oliver Cromwell First to Put Limit on Protection Afforded by House of an Ambassador.

It was the grim old Oliver Cromwell who first showed that the house of an ambassador was not an inviolable sanctuary for all classes of offenders and that at least the line of protection could not hold against a murderer. In November, 1652, Don Pantaleon Sa, brother of an ambassador from Portugal to England, walking in the New Exchange, London, engaged in a quarrel with a young English gentleman named Gerrard. They were separated, leaving Gerrard slightly wounded in the shoulder. The next day Don Pantaleon came to the exchange with fifty well-armed followers, for revenge. Four Englishmen were slightly wounded and a Mr. Greenway, while walking with his sister and a lady to whom he was engaged, being mistaken for Gerrard, was killed by a pistol shot through the head. A great and enraged crowd collected. The Portuguese took refuge in their house of embassy. Cromwell, the lord protector, sent a messenger to the embassy, stating that if the criminals were not given up to the civil authorities the soldiers guarding the embassy would be withdrawn and the mob left to do as it pleased. Don Pantaleon, three Portuguese and an English boy were given up and committed to Newgate. Their trial was delayed. A mixed jury of Englishmen and foreigners brought in a verdict of guilty and the five were sentenced to be hanged. The three Portuguese were pardoned, the "English boy" was hanged and Don Pantaleon, at the request of his brother, the ambassador, was spared from hanging and was beheaded on July 10, 1653. This case impressed foreign nations with a sense of Cromwell's power, and has ever since been considered as a precedent in questions respecting the privilege of ambassadors and the persons of their household.

Successfully Fights Pneumonia.

The open-air treatment of acute pneumonia is reported by Dr. G. E. Rennie to have achieved notable success at the Royal Prince Edward hospital of Sydney, Australia. For seven years Doctor Rennie has kept his own patients in the open air night and day, and recently this plan has been adopted for all pneumonia cases in the hospital. Recovery has been rapid in cases that would have resulted fatally under the old method. The ordinary conditions of a close hospital atmosphere are very favorable for the development of the pneumonia germs, and besides expose to microbes liable to set up a secondary infection. The fresh air, comparatively free from bacteria, gives the more perfect aeration of the blood needed. The artificial use of oxygen is rarely necessary as formerly, there is much less difficulty of breathing and impairment of circulation, the patients sleep better, the tongue is cleaner, the appetite is nearer normal and convalescence is rapid.

"Living Whist."

The game of "living whist" is a favorite and a most unsatisfactory one, is a matter of fact of the game of "living chess." The latter has been given frequently in out-of-doors fetes. The ground is marked in squares, like a huge chessboard, and the pieces are represented by women and men in costumes that indicates their positions—queens, bishops, knights, pawns, etc. The game is played by the directions of two persons seated on thrones at the edge of the board, the pieces making the moves indicated by them. "Living whist" followed this scheme, but by its nature was far less successful. The board and squares were lacking and the game did not lend itself to the scheme. Of such a game as "living bridge" or "living auction," however, we can find no record, and it is most unlikely that such a game could be played at all, as the bidding, which is, of course, the real essence of these games, would be an impossibility.

Retain Jewel of Friendship.

If we have had the good fortune to win the esteem of a friend, let us do anything rather than lose him. We must give and forgive, live and let live. If our friends have faults, we must bear with them. We must hope all things, believe all things, endure all things, rather than lose that most precious of all earthly possessions, a trustworthy friend.

FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR Compound

Contains No Opium

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